survive the lashing that they get here. It is curious, but we always thought that Miss Corelli wrote them. What an interesting and gladdening thing it would be if this powerful hand would reach across the sea and busy itself in this campaign. How the trusts would hop and holler! We have a delightful vision of the Standard Oil pipes leaking and the Down Easters out again after whales.

Interesting and Distressing.

An encouraging suggestion marks the opening of Mr Harold Begbie's story called "Tables of Stone" (Doubleday, Page & Company). John Diver, the unsophisticated young Yorkshire giant, coming into London in a suit of clothes that his father had worn at the university, is a figure of interesting possibility. The reader accompanies him to the beautiful Mrs Lawford's fine house in Piccadilly, enters with him one of those gorgeous rooms so full of beautiful and unrelated matters of decoration that it is impossible to be in it without disturbance, without offence to peace, and there hears him calmly apologizing for his clothes. John becomes a lion in London precisely because of his clothes and his unsophistication. Interest is further excited when he goes into the country to take charge of Mr. Caversham's son, a peculiar child who goes into convulsions of terror at the sight of his own father; when he begins to read Darwin, with the result of the shaking of his religious faith; when coincidently with this shaking of religious faith Mrs. Lawford, perfect mistress of all the fascinations, takes to amusing herself by flirting with him, and when Harry, Mr. Caversham's gifted young daughter, comes home from her studies of piano music in Vienna.

But John Diver's original interest is hardly sustained after he has fallen in love with his employer's daughter and entered upon his career of philosopher and world reformer. His determination and his serious strenuosity become a little painful. We thought it proper enough that he should have maintained his balance, expressed something less than the adoration expended by the company in general, at the concert in Vienna in the course of which Miss Caversham broke her fingernail at the piano, bled "for the cause" on the keys, and the player with the long and raven hair, the great Rubinstein himself, performed so powerfully that it was evident that "in a moment the foundations of the earth would yield, nay, the whole fabric of nature would collapse, would fall and shatter itself in an avalanche of planets and suns, with a roar of leaping flame and a bounding thunder of everlasting destruction." John was not overwhelmed, though he must have understood why pianos have to be renewed; and when the music changed, when it became soft, when it proceeded like the ripple of a summer tarn, when it involved rosy light from summer clouds and sunbeams flowing through beds of violets and the passing of angels' feet through fountains of dew, and got to be so soft that it was heavenly soft, he did not become utterly soft himself. At the end he did not instantly recover and help to rock the room with wild applause, and he did not cry "Kolossal!" possibly because he was not familiar with German.

But if John had not a soul for music he was not without his capacity for enthusiasm. It was a dreadful sort of enthusiasm that he cultivated. The restrained and reasonable Darwin would have felt surprise if he could have known what John would do with his philosophy. A shocking tragedy marks the end of the story. It is effective, but we do not believe that the reader will be thankful to John.

Travel and Legend.

Everything that throws light on South America is welcome, and even if only noted places are touched by Mr. Arthur Ruhl in "The Other Americans" (Charles Scribner's Sons), the lively way in which he describes them should make them known to readers who might be frightened by more thorough books. Caracas, Panama, Callao and Lima with the Oroya railroad, La Paz in Bolivia, Valparaiso and Santiago, Buenos Ayres and Rio Janeiro—such is Mr. Ruhl's itinerary. He stopped long in no place, but he kept his eyes open; he knew what he was looking for and he tells what he has found out in entertaining manner. He has a knack of hitting on essential things, and of generalizing from the town he sees to the whole country intelligently. He gives vivid impressions, which will be found to be, in the main, correct.

Though intended for boys, Mr. Edwin M. Bacon's "English Voyages of Adventure and Discovery" (Charles Scribner's Sons) will be fully as attractive to such of their elders as cannot get at Hakluyt. After an interesting account of Hakluyt and his work for the colonization of America, Mr. Bacon tells the story of the chief voyages of the Tudor times; the expeditions of the Cabots, the search for the northeast passage and the acquisition of the Russian trade, Frobisher's voyage and the northwest passage, the exploits of Hawkins and Drake, and Gilbert and Raleigh's efforts to settle Virginia. He has in his eye especially the voyages that relate to America. There is more adventure in the volume than will be found in a whole library of fiction.

It is a little like gilding the lily to apply pictures to Thoreau's "Cape Cod" (Thomas Y. Crowell and Company), but the photographs selected by Mr. Clifton Johnson are very good and in excellent taste. Where they do not represent nature, which has not changed since Thoreau's time, they depict old buildings and typical New Englanders that come pretty close to what he saw. The page is very attractive.

An old time sea captain's career cannot be devoid of interest, and there is much to entertain the reader in Captain John D. Whidden's "Ocean Life in the Old Sailing-Ship Days" (Little, Brown and Company). The author is too reticent about details and overfond of giving elementary geographical information. The reader cannot help wishing that he had written when he left the sea, forty years ago, when events were fresh in his mind. But he sailed all over the world for twenty-five years and there is plenty of good matter in his story.

Another colored picture book with accompaniment of text, "From the North Foreland to Penzance," by Clive Holland, illustrated by Maurice Randall (Chatto and Windus; Duffield and Company). Mr. Randall has painted a set of pretty pictures; very few illustrate any place. Southampton, for instance, is represented by a group of vessels huddled together. Mr. Holland has an inordinate amount of fragmentary history in proportion to the description, and has much to say about smuggling.

In putting together the "True Indian Stories" (Sentinel Publishing Company, Indianapolis) that relate to Indiana Mr. Jacob Piatt-Dunn has done a useful and interesting piece of work. The stories are not many and some are well known, but the facts in each case have been sifted and the authentic results are given. A valuable glossary of Indiana Indian names is appended.

Various folk tales relating in some way to Kamehameha I. are collected in "Hawaiian Idylls of Love and Death" by the Rev. Herbert H. Gowen (Cochrane Publishing Company, New York). The stories are attractive and often poetic. It is possible that folklorists may think them a little too coherent, but that will be no fault to the general reader who seeks for the sense of the story rather than ethnographic exactness.

Mrs. Hubbard's Plucky Feat.

The general results of the expedition across Labrador undertaken by Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., in the summer of 1905 have long been known through the newspapers and through the explorer's own accounts to geographical societies. The interesting details of a successful adventure are now told by her in "A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador" (The McClure Company). Mrs. Hubbard determined to carry out her husband's original plan, and the comparative ease with which she succeeded makes the fatal blunder that wrecked the first expedition and cost Mr. Hubbard his life all the more tragic. With her guides she made her way up the right river from Hamilton Inlet, reached Lake Michikamau and the divide in good season, and made her way down the George River to Ungava Bay in time to return to civilization that same year.

She tells her story entertainingly and with much directness. Though the impression of feminine energy is predominant, the pictures of her four companions are lifelike and attractive. To her own experiences she adds the full text of her husband's diary and extracts from that of the guide, George Elson, for the period after Mr. Hubbard's death. There are many photographs and an excellent and adequate map.

A Greenlander's Eskimo Folklore.

By a coincidence the English edition of Mr. Knud Rasmussen's "The People of the Polar North," by G. Herring (Kegan Paul, French, Trübner and Company; J. B. Lippincott Company), appeared simultaneously with the news of the tragic death of Mylius Erichsen, his companion in the earlier expedition. Rasmussen himself is somewhere in the ice now. The editor in his translation has condensed somewhat two books in Danish by Rasmussen. If in the process he has cut out some of the personal experiences of travel the reader who judges from those left will be inclined to regret it. Nevertheless he must admit that the vast collection of folk tales is of much greater importance.

Rasmussen's qualifications for the task he undertook were exceptional. Though educated in Denmark he was born in Greenland, spent his boyhood there and speaks Eskimo as his native tongue. The stories he took down, therefore, came to him directly from the narrator with no mediation of an interpreter. They are first hand ethnographic documents and are very numerous. They are classified by locality; some are from the far north, others from East and from West Greenland in the neighborhood of the settlements. They cover the whole of Eskimo life; their beliefs, legends, social customs and in a vague way their history; some at least being accounts of matters that happened within man's memory. They provide material for the investigator of a quality that has never been offered before and are deeply interesting in themselves. The village tragedy of the woman murderer and the man who runs amuck should be dramatic enough for any taste.

The book is illustrated with drawings from life of many individuals and with colored pictures by Count Harald Moltke, who was also a member of the expedition. It is thoroughly readable in Mr. Herring's translation, aside fron its high scientific importance.

New October Fiction.

In a short story, "The Point of Honor" (The McClure Company), Mr. Joseph Conrad abandons the sea and realism for humor. He expands a well known duelling anecdote into a story. To one of the combatants he gives some life, though his adversary remains a caricature throughout. The beginning of the quarrel is natural and amusing.

Taking a leaf from Monte Cristo the hero of Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim's "The Long Arm of Mannister" (Little, Brown and Company) inflicts punishment in successive episodes, on various persons who have done him wrong. In some instances the punishment is ingenious and seems to be fitting. The number of offenders, however, is too great for the author's imagination, and if read at a sitting, the later episodes will seem tiresome. The opening chapter, the best in the book, seems somehow familiar.

There are twenty or more stories in Miss Anne Warner's "An Original Gentleman" (Little, Brown and Company) and all are humorous. In some there is a point of sarcasm, usually a hit at the relations between parent and child, but this is always softened down. In others young women are shown in foreign parts,

acting in rather strange fashion, but eliciting the adoration of attendant males. In none is dialect used. The stories are readable and unpretentious.

Several of the earliest stories written by Robert Neilson Stephens have been collected from various periodicals and published as "Tales from Bohemia" (L. C. Page and Company). They are bright, all have point and a freshness which is often missing in prose finished work. Nearly all are rather bitter. A sympathetic sketch of the author is prefixed.

In the "St. Martin's" edition of Jane Austen, published by Duffield and Company, appears "Sense and Sensibility" in two volumes. The type is large and very distinct and there are many colored illustrations.

A "novelized" version of Ferenc Molnar's "The Devil," following the Fiske form of the play, has been prepared by Mr. Adriaan Schade van Westrum (G. W Dillingham Company). It is illustrated with pictures representing Mr. Arliss and other actors in the play.

Mrs. Wharton's Short Stories.

Literary quality and artistic construction the reader may always expect from Mrs. Edith Wharton, and many will continue of the opinion that these are shown better in her short stories, of which seven will be found in "The Hermit and the Wild Woman" (Charles Scribner's Sons), than in her longer books. With all the technical skill she has acquired it seems a pity that Mrs. Wharton should retain her craving for Dead Sea fruit and leave the taste of ashes on her reader's lips. Here are half a dozen exercises in the psychological hair splitting that delights Mr. Henry James; delicate problems that might or do arise for people who have the leisure to muddle over them. In one tale there is a photograph of a Parisian derelict and a cruel portrait of one type of American woman. In that which gives the title to the book the taint of the Italian pilgrimage is discernible; effort at preciosity in the vocabulary and the attempt of the nineteenth century mind to express fourteenth century thought. It is pretty but artificial.

A new book by Mrs. Wharton, all the same, is now a literary event. In these stories she shows unimpaired all the qualities that her admirers appreciate.

Facts and the Law.

A law book of a rather unusual kind has been prepared by Mr. Charles C. Moore in "A Treatise on Facts, or the Weight and Value of Evidence," in two volumes (Edward Thompson Company, Northport, N. Y.). The author had a double object in mind, in the first place to establish or to explain the methods by which facts are ascertained, and in the second place to state the law as it stands according to the decisions of the courts. The results do not always harmonize.

In seeking the grounds for ascertaining facts Mr. Moore has consulted a wide range of literature that is not legal, from treatises in psychology to newspapers. He has also delved into the reports with much success to discover statements of opinion by judges on the matters in question. That these are in many cases *obiter dicta* is inevitable, but he has brought together many expressions from the bench. The amount of agreement is more surprising than the fact that judges often disagree.

The treatise is interesting and stimulating. It should at any rate make lawyers look at the law of evidence from a new point of view.

Literature.

Three more attractive and artistic volumes in quaint leather binding with clasps have appeared in "The New Mediaeval Library," published by Chatto and Windus (Duffield and Company). They contain translations from Old French, all by Alice Kemp Welch, who, following a pedantic nomenclature, calls the language of her originals Middle French. "The Chatelaine of Vergi" makes a very complete little monograph. There is an excellent short introduction by L. Brandin on the poem and the manuscripts, followed by the translation, and this by the original text in the most approved revision. The illustrations are charming photogravures from the pictured story of the poem carved on a contemporary ivory casket.

For "The Tumbler of Our Lady," with the other quaint tales in honor of the Virgin, the translator herself provides introduction and notes. The pictures are from miniatures of the time. She supplies the introduction also for her translation of Christine de Pisan's "The Book of the Duke of True Lovers," but calls in the aid of Laurence Binyon and Eric R. D. Maclagan for the ballades and other lyrics with which the narrative is interspersed. As the manuscript dates from the period of brilliant Burgundian illumination the photogravures from the miniatures are very good.

There is something ghoulish in digging up the love affairs of a woman long dead, but so much has been written about Mary Wollstonecraft which is fanciful and erroneous that the publication of "The Love Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft to Gilbert Imlay" (Hutchinson and Company; J. B. Lippincott and Company) is perhaps fully justifiable. These are letters that were never intended for publication and bear the marks of genuine feeling. The relation between the two principals and the situation it led to are among the most common in human experience; the letters escape being commonplace owing to the remarkable character of the woman. Would they excite as much interest if it were not for her subsequent history and her daughter's part in Shelley's life? Mr. Roger Ingpen supplies an excellent little memoir, explaining everything that is necessary.

The "Shakespeare Library," edited by Prof. I. Gollanoz and published by Chatto and Windus (Duffield and Company), continues putting out volumes. To the "Old Spelling Shakespeare" has been added another of Dr. F. J. Furnivall's texts, "The Winters Tale," from the First Folio of 1623, with introduction and notes by Prof. F. W. Clarke. In the "Lamb Shakespeare" appears "Cymbeline" with Miss Stratton's drawings and Schubert's setting for "Hark! hark! the lark."

Other Books.

It may be the recent outbursts of feminine self assertion in Britain that have turned Mr. Harry Graham from he perpetration of blood curdling humorous jingles to the contemplation of the womanhood of the past. At any rate he must be congratulated on the personal attrac-

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